

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after Nov. 19th, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.: 1:30 p. m. and 7:00 p. m. Accommodations from Punxsutawney and Big Run.

8:50 A. M.: Buffalo and Rochester mail for Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

7:45 A. M.: 1:45 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Accommodations for Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

9:20 P. M.: Bradford Accommodations for Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellipton, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

6:00 P. M.: Mail for DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walton.

9:20 A. M.: Sunday train for Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.

6:00 P. M.: Sunday train for DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering a ticket office is maintained. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains from all stations where a ticket office is maintained.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. J. H. RABERT, E. C. LAYPE, Gen'l. Supt. Buffalo, N. Y. Rochester N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.

EASTWARD

9:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m., New York, 10:45 a. m., and Washington, 8:57 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

6:22 P. M.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.; New York, 7:55 a. m.; Through coach from DuBois to Williamsport. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 p. m. with Philadelphia passengers.

9:35 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:30 a. m.; New York, 9:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:25 a. m.; Washington, 7:30 a. m. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:32 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 5:30 p. m. for Erie.

9:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

6:22 P. M.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 A. M.; Wilkesbarre, 10:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:40 a. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

TRAIN 1 leaves Reno at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:32 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 10 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:45 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:35 a. m. arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 a. m. and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY EASTWARD.

Train 8, 7:17 a. m. Train 3, 11:34 a. m. Train 6, 1:45 p. m. Train 1, 3:00 p. m. Train 4, 7:38 p. m. Train 11, 8:25 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday Dec. 24, 1893. Low Grade Division.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

12:10 9:40 Ridgway 1:30 6:30
12:18 9:48 Island Run 1:39 6:22
12:26 9:52 Mill Haven 1:46 6:15
12:34 10:02 Shortsville 1:54 6:08
12:42 10:15 Blue Rock 2:02 6:01
12:50 10:27 Vinograd Run 2:10 5:54
12:58 10:39 Carries 2:18 5:48
1:06 10:52 Brockwayville 2:26 5:38
1:14 10:42 McMillan Summit 2:34 5:25
1:22 10:48 Harris Run 2:42 5:20
1:30 10:55 Falls Creek 2:50 5:15
1:45 11:05 DuBois 2:55 5:00

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY WESTWARD.

Train 8, 7:17 a. m. Train 3, 11:34 a. m. Train 6, 1:45 p. m. Train 1, 3:00 p. m. Train 4, 7:38 p. m. Train 11, 8:25 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday Dec. 24, 1893. Low Grade Division.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

STATIONS. No.1. No.5. No.9. 106 109

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

Red Bank 10:45 4:40
Lawsonville 10:57 4:52
New Bethlehem 11:09 5:04
Oak Ridge 11:21 5:16
Maysville 11:33 5:28
Summersville 11:45 5:40
Brookville 11:57 5:52
Bell 12:09 6:04
Fuller 12:21 6:16
Reynoldsville 12:33 6:28
Pancost 12:45 6:40
Falls Creek 12:57 6:52
Saluda 1:09 7:04
Winterburn 1:21 7:16
Penfield 1:33 7:28
Tyler 1:45 7:40
Glen Fisher 1:57 7:52
Benezette 2:09 8:04
Grant 2:21 8:16
Driftwood 2:33 8:28

P. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

Driftwood 10:10 5:00 6:35
Grant 10:22 5:12 6:47
Benezette 10:34 5:24 6:59
Glen Fisher 10:46 5:36 7:11
Bell 10:58 5:48 7:23
Fuller 11:10 6:00 7:35
Reynoldsville 11:22 6:12 7:47
Pancost 11:34 6:24 7:59
Falls Creek 11:46 6:36 8:11
Saluda 11:58 6:48 8:23
Winterburn 12:10 7:00 8:35
Penfield 12:22 7:12 8:47
Tyler 12:34 7:24 8:59
Glen Fisher 12:46 7:36 9:11
Benezette 12:58 7:48 9:23
Grant 1:10 8:00 9:35
Driftwood 1:22 8:12 9:47

WESTWARD.

STATIONS. No.2. No.6. No.10. 106 110

A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Driftwood 10:10 5:00 6:35
Grant 10:22 5:12 6:47
Benezette 10:34 5:24 6:59
Glen Fisher 10:46 5:36 7:11
Bell 10:58 5:48 7:23
Fuller 11:10 6:00 7:35
Reynoldsville 11:22 6:12 7:47
Pancost 11:34 6:24 7:59
Falls Creek 11:46 6:36 8:11
Saluda 11:58 6:48 8:23
Winterburn 12:10 7:00 8:35
Penfield 12:22 7:12 8:47
Tyler 12:34 7:24 8:59
Glen Fisher 12:46 7:36 9:11
Benezette 12:58 7:48 9:23
Grant 1:10 8:00 9:35
Driftwood 1:22 8:12 9:47

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID McCAUGO, GEN'L. Supt. JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. Agt.

SENSIBLE HINTS.

Don't complain About the weather For easier 'tis, you'll find. To make your mind to weather Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain About "the sermon" And show your lack of wit. For, like a boot, a sermon hurts The closer it doth fit.

Don't complain About your neighbor. For in your neighbor's view His neighbor is not faultless— That neighbor being you. —Exchange.

HUNTING A BURGLAR.

THE EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF A GRAND RAPIDS MAN.

The Hired Girl Was In It, Too, From Start to Finish—With Revolver and Dark Lantern the Householder Took to the War-path—An Unreasonable Wife.

"It is dreadful to be suddenly awakened at night by a large, coarse burglar without any innate refinement," said the Union street resident, "and when my wife awoke me Thursday night, and in one of those whispers women invariably use after the lights are out, and which always cause a man's backbone to crawl up behind his ears, told me she was sure there was a burglar in the house, I remember requesting her to go down and refer him to the Charity Organization society, because I was sure to get the grip if I left my warm bed and went parading around the house without stopping to put on anything but a defiant expression."

"Did she go?" "She did not, although I explained to her that if she would merely step down stairs and speak to the burglar in a conciliatory way he would probably go away quietly, and there would be no trouble. I told her that if I should suddenly come face to face in my own house with a crude, uncouth robber who had not been invited there, and who had no letters of introduction, my fiery temper would probably get the better of me, and there would be an awful hand to hand struggle, which would like enough inspire in me such a fiendish longing for warm, red blood that I would thrash around for weeks afterward killing respectable people on sight. I have always striven for a higher mission in life than to go around shooting large, ragged holes through the vitals of my fellow men, and for that reason I explained to my wife how even a burglar might have loved ones dependent upon him for support, and that life was probably just as dear to him as it is to a member of congress."

"But you can't talk any sense into a woman's head after she has become imbued with the idea that there are burglars in the house, and at length, rather than have any trouble over the matter, I arose, and grasping a revolver and lighting my boy's dark lantern started out to find that burglar and explain to him that he must have been misled by the number on the door and got into the wrong house. I did not go down on a gallop, because I preferred to give the housebreaker a chance to realize his danger and escape with his life while there was yet time. It seemed harsh and unfeeling to coldly shoot a man to death when I did not even know what ward he voted in, and so I slammed the door around and created considerable disturbance on the way down stairs."

"I looked under the door mat and turned my searchlight on the hatrack without finding a burglar and was just on the point of returning up stairs to consult with my wife as to whether she cared to have the parlor carpet mused up with his blood if I should find him when I caught a glimpse of a form robed in a long nister start back from the landing and dash up stairs. My first impulse was to let the burglar stay up there if he cared to, because I could have got along on the ground floor well enough the remainder of the night, and I do not want to seem inhospitable to any one, but I realized that it was my duty to protect my family, and I took after him. Well, sir, I had no idea there was so much fun in merrily romping around the house with a burglar after business hours. We made the first circuit of my family residence within 10 seconds, and though I could not focus the dark lantern quickly enough to get a good look at the housebreaker I could tell by his hoarse labored breathing and the way in which he reached out and covered space that he was a good deal annoyed by the turn affairs had taken.

"I had never seen a burglar act that way before, and it did a good deal toward restoring confidence. It seemed to me that a burglar who had no more sang froid and nerve than that had better go home and take in plain sweater rather than try to eke out a precarious existence in the midnight marauding line, and the reflection served to put so much boyish zeal and enthusiasm into my mad pursuit that the beam of the only garment with one exception that I was wearing at the time began to fray out. On the third lap we plunged heavily over the baby's crib in the nursery, and my wife covered up her head in the bed clothes and screamed, and the dog took after both of us, and there was trouble all around."

"On the next round the burglar gained a trifling on me, and when he reached the kitchen he unbolted the back door and dashed out into the night, with a pierce-

ing wail, and I after him. We tore around the house twice and then down the sidewalk to the next house, where the burglar made a break for the barn in the rear. I found him cowering in one corner of a box stall, with hands upraised, and as I stood over him with leveled revolver the rays of my trusty dark lantern revealed a hired girl, wearing a wild, hunted look and a dun colored robe de nuit made of outing flannel."

"That was all. Silently and with bowed, uncovered heads the girl and I walked back home, where the family awaited us, and afterwards she explained in a fatigued way that, hearing the racket I had kicked up, she had started down stairs, and seeing me prowling around the front hall had mistaken me for a burglar, we went to bed again, and my wife felt greatly relieved. The next morning when I went down town I saw my next door neighbor looking curiously at the irregular splashes in his driveway, where the hired girl's dark toes had dug into the gravel, but I did not feel called upon to explain to him."—Grand Rapids Democrat.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

It is a Profitless Proceeding to Carry Coals to Newcastle.

There are more ways than one, my son, of carrying coals to Newcastle, and in almost every case it is a profitless proceeding on the part of the person engaged in it.

Therefore, my son, have nothing to do with that kind of traffic—that is to say, do not encroach upon another's preserves except to admire. Do not attempt to stock them with your own game.

When a man is a salesman in a dry goods store, do not attempt to instruct him by the ventilation of ideas of your own. If he be an actor, do not intrude upon him any of your amateur notions. If a clergyman, refrain from Scriptural citation and exegesis when in his company. If a professional humorist, resist, as it were the evil one, all temptation to facetiousness and paronomasia. If a mechanic, do not presume to give him points in his calling.

But, on the other hand, my son, do not attempt to interfere with his speaking or his calling, profession or specialty. So long as you listen you make no mistake, and the wing of friendship molts no feather.

Give ear to the story of his experiences at the counter, but interject none of your own; listen to and applaud his sportings, but spout not yourself; receive with becoming reverence his interpretations of holy writ, but meddle not yourself with that which the lay mind is not supposed to be able to cope with; listen and laugh at his wit and whimsies, but hazard no joke of your own; attend while he relates his mechanical achievements, but vaunt not yourself in the same line.

It is a common mistake, my son, to suppose that because a man delights in talking about a certain something in which he is proficient, he loves to hear every babble that falls in his way descending upon the same subject; that because it pleases him to exalt himself in a given direction he likes to hear others in the same direction exalt themselves.

When a man knows a thing thoroughly—or thinks he does, which amounts to the same so far as he is concerned—he is quite ready and willing to instruct others, but he brooks no incursions by others into his peculiar domain. When he has finished the exposition of his wares, it is time for you to show up yours, provided of course they are of an entirely different line.

There must be reciprocity in the commerce of conversation, an exchange of complementary commodities. Each must give what the other lacks and receive in return that in which he is wanting, else there can be no trade, no harmony.

You would not ship oranges to Florida, ice to Nova Zembla or hot air furnaces to Sahara. Then why carry coals to Newcastle?

Therefore, my son, let each man paddle his own canoe as it best pleases him. Admire, applaud, if you will—and it is your best hold—but don't put in your oar, though he be swamping.—Boston Transcript.

An Affecting Tale.

Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to an insane asylum.

Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been brooding over the hard times, and I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Hum! Not unlikely."

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a good deal, too. No money in this business any more."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo or something, it doesn't pay to shave or hair cut. Poor Jim! I caught him tryin' to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, and so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me very melancholy. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Y-e-s, sir."—New York Weekly.

It Depended.

"I don't see your husband with you so much as when you were in your honeymoon," said the clergyman as he met an occasional attendant at his church.

"Has he grown cool?"

"Not if what you preach be true," she said coyly. "He is dead."—Toledo Blade.

THAT "TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH."

Fat or No Fat in an Antifat Diet Professionally Discussed.

Speaking in a paper on the subject of the various diet cures for fatness, the eminent authority, Dr. Andrew Wilson, says:

Doubtless starches and sugars, represented in such vegetable foods as bread, rice, tapioca and the like, are fat formers. The living body has thus a power of making fat out of that which is not fat. And along with this point is another—that fat itself does not go, directly at least, to make fat in the body.

Fat is, on the other hand, a valuable addition to the diet of a corpulent person because it has a power properly administered of burning off food excess. In more than one system of body reduction fat is, therefore, administered as an essential part and parcel of the diet cure. It is said that when fat, starches and sugars are all cut off reduction of weight takes place much faster than when fat is allowed in the dietary scale. This may be so, but I strongly question the wisdom of the proceeding.

All we know about fat points to it as an absolutely essential element of our food. We can't live healthily without it, and if decrease in weight rapidly follows its elimination from the diet the very rapidity of the reduction is an argument against its safety. Besides, starch and sugar largely omitted from the food, with a moderate quantity of fat allowed and a slight increase of the flesh foods, will accomplish all that is needed more gradually, but I also hold more safely for the patient.

The lesson of physiology, therefore, to us all is: Don't neglect the fats of the food. They assist the assimilation of other foods and are essential for the body's nutrition. I should not believe in any system of ordinary diet or of weight reduction which neglected fat on the one hand or insisted that its absence was essential for the cure of corpulence on the other.—New York Times.

South American Politeness.

It rather staggers the North American traveler in Peru to see the prettily uniform young women collecting fares on the street railways, but when he visits the second city in Mexico, Guadalajara, and witnesses the refined courtesies practiced by the male conductors on the street cars there he is completely paralyzed.

The manners of the Guadalajara are in keeping with the cheerfulness and friendliness of this city. Imagine yourself entering a street car in New York or any city in the United States and before taking your seat bowing, hat in hand, to your fellow passengers, none of whom you have ever seen before.

Then suppose yourself arrived at your destination. You rise, smile a friendly farewell to the car in general, shake hands with the conductor, and with a polite inclination of the head take leave of the driver. The number of times I have witnessed such exhibitions of politeness convince me that it is one of the customs of the country.—New York Journal.

Description of a Village Choir.

Dr. "Westminster" Bridge, at the end of a musical lecture in London, gave an account of his experiences of a village choir in Suffolk. The local talent was thus described: "A few boys who scared rooks, a blacksmith whose tenor voice was as metallic in sound as his anvil, a boy also who had in his youth, it was reported, swallowed a whistle, which apparently had lodged in his larynx and helped to produce sounds of a most unearthly character, and a miller who had five low notes, and only five, which had always to fit into the chant or hymn being sung and which made a sort of rumbling accompaniment, not unlike the sound of his own millstones. The rook boys came and went, though the miller sang on forever."—London Tit-Bits.

Chief Quana Parker.

Chief Quana Parker of the Comanche Indians possesses some odd traits of character. He occupies, with his five wives, a handsome house of 30 rooms near the reservation, and whenever he leaves for a journey he turns his wives out of doors because they "have no more sense than to let the house take fire and burn down in his absence." Quana is 43 years old, very rich and inclined to adopt the ways of civilization to the extent of wearing its cloths, driving a team of fast horses and serving on his table the best that the market affords.—New York World.

Railroad Dangers.

When the Liverpool and Manchester steamer railroad was projected, all sorts of objections were made. "The smoke would kill all the birds." "The sparks would set the houses on fire." "Passengers could not breathe in a train moving so rapidly." "The railroad would kill all the game." "Thousands of coachmen would be thrown out of employment." "The English spirit of independence would be totally destroyed."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Reminder.

New Father-in-law—Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find burglars in the house?

Bridegroom—I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give me my wife a wedding dowry, and they'd go away.—London Punch.

THE FIRST IRISH POTATOES.

Sir Walter Raleigh Planted Them Near Cork, but the People Feared Them.

Sir Walter Raleigh was an unprincipled adventurer and failed as an administrator and colonizer, but he had a most commendable taste for planting and gardening, and in these branches of effort his influence remains potent. Three hundred years have passed since he lived in Ireland, in the county of Cork, on the vast estate which had been bestowed upon him, but the yellow wall flowers which he brought to Ireland from the Azores still flourish and bloom in the very spot where he planted them.

Near by, at Youghal, near Cork, on the shores of the Blackwater estuary, stands the Affane cherry which he planted. Some cedars which he brought to Cork are still growing at a place called Tivoli. Four yew trees, whose branches have grown and interlaced into a sort of summer house, are pointed out as having sheltered Raleigh when he first smoked tobacco in his garden at Youghal.

Raleigh tried to make tobacco grow in Great Britain, but the climate was not found suitable to it. He succeeded, however, by introducing the habit of smoking it, in making it grow in plenty in other places.

More important to the world than the spot where Raleigh sat and smoked his Indian weed is another spot in his garden at Myrtle Grove, in this same Youghal. This spot is still bounded by the town wall of the thirteenth century. It was here that Raleigh first planted a curious tuber brought from America, which thrived vastly better than his tobacco plants did.

This tuber Raleigh insisted was good to eat, though common report for a long time pronounced it poisonous. Some roots from his vines he gave to other land owners in Munster. They cultivated them and spread them abroad from year to year.

This plant was the Irish potato. Before many generations it became the staple food of the Irish people—almost the only food of a great many of them.

It was the "Irish potato" which came back to America and became the groundwork, so to speak, of the American farmer's and workingman's daily breakfast and dinner. Sir Walter's curious experiment in acclimatization became an economic step of the very first consequence, and the spot at Youghal which was its scene deserves marking with a monument much more than do the places where the blood of men has been shed in battle.—Youth's Companion.

Ruskin's Methodicalness.

Never has a man been more methodical in his work than Professor Ruskin, nor more precise in obedience to the rules he has laid down for his guidance. His working hours have always been from 7 in the morning until noon, and on no account whatever would he exceed the limit. Within those five daily hours he has all his work produced—books, lectures and business, public and private correspondence. Work in the afternoon has always been by himself reading. His earlier works, of course, were written at Herne or at Denmark Hill or while on a tour on the continent. His later ones have been wrought in great part at the flower decked table of his study, overlooking Coniston lake.

A wonderful room, that long study of his, with his Turners upon the walls and ranged in ranks in the great Turner cabinet upon the floor, with its book-cases of wonderful missals and manuscripts and early black letter books and the original manuscripts of a half dozen of Scott's novels, with his superb Luca della Robbia "Virgin and Child" over the fireplace at one end and the mineral cabinet at the other. With what pleasure did Ruskin show them to me on my first visit—the unrivaled collection of agates and the equally perfect collection of gold ores and the rest.—McClure's Magazine.

The Chinese Hunchback.

I am reminded of a picture I purchased some time ago. I bought it because I thought it was the ugliest picture I had ever seen. I tried to find out the history or meaning of the thing for some time without any success until a few days ago, while studying Taoism, I found the ugly man was one of the Taoist gods. In his early days his spirit had the power of leaving his body and roaming over the universe alone. When off on one of these trips, wolves came and ate his body. So when his spirit returned it found only a few bones. After hunting around for awhile the spirit found the body of a dead hunchback beggar who walked with an iron cane in his lifetime. The spirit crawled in this body and has lived in it ever since. Tih Kwai, for that is the god's name, carries a gourd on his back, which, if the breath were blown out of it in the heavens, would bring back his original body. According to last accounts, the breath has not flown out of the gourd.—Canton Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Odd Verdict.

We sometimes hear odd stories or funny verdicts by country juries, but it is not often we really come across one in the realms of fact. A Hawkehurst jury which sat on a poor old laborer provides us with a Kentish sample of sharp wit. The surgeon who made the post mortem gave it as his opinion that death arose from a powerful irritant poison. The jury had their own ideas and gave a verdict that death was due to the inclement weather! We have not heard whether the case has been placed in the hands of the county analyst, but it is certainly new that cold weather and irritant poison are synonymous.—Rochester and Chatham (England) Standard.

An Interesting Region.

In spite of the interest long felt in the cliff dwellers of the west there are still some fine examples of their work in eastern Utah as yet unexplored. The approach from this side is over the ranges and high mesas of western Colorado, a country most difficult to traverse and peopled chiefly by miners too eager for gold and silver to give much time or thought to ethnography. This may explain the fact that so interesting a region remains neglected.—Chicago Herald.

Negroes Speaking Irish.

The Irish language still lingers in the Bahamas among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian slaves banished by Cromwell to the West Indies. One can occasionally hear, it is said, black sailors in the London docks, who cannot speak a word of English, talking Irish to the old Irish apple women whom they meet and thus making themselves intelligible without a knowledge of the Saxon tongue.—London Globe.

NOT AFRAID OF DOGS.

They Knew Just What to Do When a Big One Came After Them.

I was standing on the railroad platform of a small country town a few evenings